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# SANCTUARY

A BIRD MASQUE

*"Herkneth these blisful briddes how they singe;  
Ful is mine herte of revel and solas!"*

CHAUCER

BY PERCY MACKAYE

*The Canterbury Pilgrims. A Comedy.*

*Jeanne d'Arc. A Tragedy.*

*Sappho and Phaon. A Tragedy.*

*Fenris the Wolf. A Tragedy.*

*A Garland to Sylvia. A Dramatic  
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ORNIS  
*(Miss Eleanor Wilson)*

# SANCTUARY

*A Bird Masque*

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

*With a Prelude by*

ARVIA MACKAYE

*Illustrated with Photographs  
in Color and Monotone by*

ARNOLD GENTHE

NEW YORK


FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

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PERCY MACKAYE

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THE FLIMPTON PRESS  
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TO  
ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES  
'WILD NATURE'S HUMAN SYMPATHIZER'  
IN ADMIRATION OF HIS DAUNTLESS  
SERVICE TO THE BIRDS



## NOTE

### REGARDING PERFORMANCE AND PUBLIC READING

*Requests for permission to perform or read publicly this Bird Masque having been received from a great many quarters, the following information is here given for those desiring such permission:*

*The Masque is copyrighted in the United States and countries of the Copyright Union, and all rights are reserved.*

*The purpose of the Masque is to be of public use, so that all adequate presentations of it are welcome. To this end the special conditions of performance or public reading should in each case be communicated direct to the author, in care of the publisher.*

*No performances may be given without such direct communication, and permission thus first obtained.*

*As the publication of this text is designed to serve the definite cause for which it was written, per-*

## NOTE

*formances must be, in some degree at least, for the benefit of Wild Bird Conservation.*

*Music for the lyrics "The Hermit Thrush" and the three songs of Quercus has been composed by Frederick S. Converse, and is published by the H. W. Gray Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York.*

*A bird bath, specially designed for use in bird sanctuaries and gardens, with plastic groupings of characters in the original cast of this Masque, has been executed by Mrs. Louis Saint-Gaudens, Cornish, New Hampshire, post office Windsor, Vermont.*

*The four photographs in color, as well as those in black and white, which illustrate this volume were taken by Dr. Arnold Genthe of enactors in the Masque, as first performed by members of the Cornish Colony and the Meriden Bird Club, at Meriden, New Hampshire, September 12, 1913.*

## FOREWORD

This Masque was written for the dedication of the bird sanctuary of the Meriden Bird Club of Meriden, New Hampshire, where it was first performed on the night of September twelfth, 1913. The text was composed, the lyrics set to music, the masque rehearsed, costumed and acted, within the brief space of a month. Its production came about by a spontaneous and glad cooperation of artists, neighbors, lovers of nature, imbued with a deep feeling in common—concern for the welfare of wild birds. In this important concern its enactors were happily encouraged by the sympathetic presence of the President of the United States and the participation of his family.

Swift and spontaneous as its production was, however, the masque in its reasons for being was not unpremeditated. It took its origin from two important sources, rarely, if ever, associated—nature study, and the art of the theatre.

The union of these was its *raison d'être*.

However tentative its realization, it stands none the less as a pioneering suggestion of real mo-



## FOREWORD

ment to those two potent influences upon our national life. As such it has seemed worth while to present to the public, and to make clear the suggestion which it illustrates, however sketchily.

From a recent volume by the writer on "The Civic Theatre, in Relation to the Redemption of Leisure," I quote the following paragraphs upon "Nature Symbols," as they apply directly to this subject:

"The relation of the theatre's art to the naturalist's vocation is probably not obvious to the man on the street. That is because the commercial theatre relates itself to so few of the pursuits of science outside of Broadway interests. The civic theatre would do otherwise.

"Aristophanes symbolized the birds for the purposes of Greek satire. The costuming of his play in Athens probably expressed no direct attribution to the science of ornithology. Yet its attribution to the Greek race's intimate love of Nature was as spontaneous as the symbolizing of flowers in the capitals of their temple columns. The movement to-day for the conservation of our birds and their more intimate study might well take on significant, lovely forms of symbolic expression in pageants, festivals and the drama of the civic theatre.

"By the same art, the fascinating designs, em-

## FOREWORD

bossings, colorings, of insect forms could be symbolized in spectacles of astonishing beauty, motivated dramatically to the real and tremendous human relation which that ignored but pestiferous race bears to human society and the state; as witness the movement, involving millions in taxes, for exterminating the gypsy moth and the boll weevil.

“Such implications for art may seem, at first, a far cry from actual possibilities of the theatre; yet thus may the civic theatre directly relate its activities not only to the enthusiasms of naturalists in the fields and woods, but to the inspiring studies of scholars in their laboratories: a cooperation which may soon stultify the popular notion that art and science are divorced in their special aims. The same relation of the theatre’s symbolic art to all the sciences—the discoveries of chemistry, the splendid imaginings of engineering—is implied in their common aim: the bringing of greater joy, beauty, understanding, to our fellow men and women, the people.

“Science represents idea, art its expression; theatrical art its expression in forms best adapted to convened numbers of the people. The forms of popular art, therefore, are limited only by the ideas of man.”

It is thus as an illustration of one of the multi-

## FOREWORD

form *genres* of the civic theatre's potential art that this little masque has its main significance.

Before the actual establishment of the Civic Theatre among us, the opportunities of the working dramatist to make tangible contributions by his art to its repertory are, of course, very scant and at best groping and experimental. One such as the present may serve, however, to suggest certain immediate, practical possibilities.

If, for instance, every bird sanctuary were to possess its stage and auditorium for bird masques—if every Natural History Museum had its outdoor theatre, equipped to set forth the multitudinous human meanings of its nature exhibits to the crowds that frequent its doors in their hours of leisure—if the directors of every Zoölogical Park were to provide for it a scenic arena, and seek the civic cooperation of the dramatic poet and theatrical expert, to vivify by their art the tremendous life stories of wild nature to the receptive minds of the human thousands convened to listen and behold—by such means, would not the disciples of nature study not simply adopt for their own ends a means of education and publicity a thousandfold more dynamic, imaginative and popular than any of the static means of exhibits, lectures and published volumes on which they

## FOREWORD

now rely: would they not also thereby splendidly assist in enlarging the civic scope of the theatre's art, still cramped, as for generations, within the walls of speculation and commercialism?

These suggestions speak for themselves.

If this *Bird Masque* shall help, in the slightest degree, to illustrate them, it will do its ephemeral service in the only permanent sanctuary of men as of birds—imagination.

PERCY MACKAYE.

CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE,  
October, 1913.



## PERSONS OF THE MASQUE <sup>1</sup>

*in the order of their appearance*

QUERCUS, *faun*

ALWYN, *poet*

SHY, *naturalist*

TACITA, *dryad*

ORNIS, *bird spirit*

STARK, *plume hunter*

## PARTICIPANTS IN PANTOMIME

*Hunter Attendants of Stark*

*Many species of birds — in human form, garbed  
symbolically*

## SCENE

*The sylvan glade of a bird sanctuary.*

<sup>1</sup> The complete programme of the original production of the masque, as first enacted at Meriden, New Hampshire, by members of the Cornish Colony and the Meriden Bird Club, is printed in the AFTERWORD of this volume.



## THE PRELUDE

|





THE LITTLE GIRL FALLS INTO REVERIE

---

## THE PRELUDE

*Wandering in the quiet of the bird sanctuary,  
a little girl hears the voice of a hermit  
thrush, and meditates this song:*

### THE SONG

While walking through a lonely wood  
I heard a lovely voice:  
A voice so fresh and true and good  
It made my heart rejoice.

It sounded like a Sunday bell  
Rung softly in a town,  
Or like a stream that in a dell  
Forever trickles down.

It seemed to be a voice of love  
That always had loved me,  
So softly it rang out above,  
So wild and wanderingly.

O Voice, were you a golden dove,  
Or just a plain gray bird?  
O Voice, you are my wandering love  
Lost, yet forever heard.

## SANCTUARY

*Passing on deeper into the wood, the little girl thinks dreamily of all wild birds and the wrongs done to them by their human brothers and sisters.*

*Out of her reverie grows the Masque which follows.*

## THE MASQUE





## THE MASQUE

### I

*Dawn.*

*The woods are silent, save for bird pipings.  
In the background, verdure of young pines  
and ancient boles of oaks form the dim-  
pillared entrance to a forest shrine.*

*Artfully placed on tree trunk and bough are  
nest boxes of bark.*

*On one side stands a low weathercock food-  
house; on the other, a tall martin-house  
pole.*

*In the shade of a great oak glimmers the  
shallow pool of a bird bath.*

SANCTUARY

*Peeping at this from behind the oak, appears, vanishes and appears again the horned head of QUERCUS, a faun.*

*Stealing forth, QUERCUS approaches the pool, bearing in one hand an enormous pitcher plant.*

*Peering upward among the boughs, he raises his voice in quaint falsetto, and sings.*

QUERCUS

Veery, veery!—vireo!

Waxwing wild!—warbler wary!

Ori- ori- oriole!

Seek our sanctuary!

Robin rath,

Little tail-twitcher,

Drink from my pitcher,

Dip in my bath!

Dew's in my bath,

Rain's in my pitcher,

Dawn's in the greenwood eerie:

Hither, highhole!

Redpoll!

Oriole!

Vireo! - veery!

*[From his pitcher plant QUERCUS pours*

SANCTUARY

*into the bird bath. Skipping then to a little swinging bird-house, he sprinkles its shelf with seed from a pouch. Here he pauses dreamily; furtively takes out and fingers a pipe; blows a few notes, pauses, starts, puts it quickly away, stoops his ear to the ground, springs away to the oak, and snatches an ivied staff which stands against the trunk. The staff is designed like a martin-house pole in miniature. Placing himself on guard where a foot-path enters the glade, he calls:]*

Stand yonder! Hold! who treads beneath  
my trees?

A VOICE

[*Outside.*]

A friend.

QUERCUS

A friend to what?

THE VOICE

To Song, and Song's melodious silences.

[5]



## SANCTUARY

### QUERCUS

Still enter not.

The race of wings reigns in this solitude.

No foot may here intrude

Without fair passport. Tell me first your  
name

And cause of coming here.

II.

QUERCUS. ALWYN.

---

[A YOUNG MAN *enters, pausing in the path.*]

THE MAN



FROM hence even now a piping filled mine ear  
With quaintish memory:  
familiar,  
Yet old, it seemed. Long since, I heard the same  
Lulling to paleness the white morning star  
Among Sicilian oaks. So here I came  
To spy upon the piper. Now, methinks,  
I know him, by those horns and merry winks.  
—Good morrow, Quercus, the faun!

QUERCUS

Now, by Lord Pan!  
The poet's ear and eye still spy me out.—

SANCTUARY

Alwyn, maker of songs—hail to you, master!  
You!—Can it really be?

ALWYN

It can,  
And *is*—by Pan, our ancient pastor!  
But you, slant shanks, what make *you* here  
at dawn?

QUERCUS

Newfangledness! The classic gout  
Still crooks my knees with the old lyric wine,  
But now they run new errands.

[*Flourishing his staff.*]

Lo, the sign  
Of my new office!

ALWYN

New! What may that be?

QUERCUS

Wood warden of the wild birds' sanctuary:  
Janitor of their sylvan temple!—See,  
My staff acclaims me. Poor Mercutius!  
Old mythologic nature-faker,  
He's out of date with his caduceus.  
Behold in me  
A modern science-tutored fairy

SANCTUARY

And practical care-taker—  
Grand marshal of the martin-house!

ALWYN

[*Pointing at QUERCUS' staff.*]

Of that?

QUERCUS

Nay, this, my bard, is but the breviat  
And little pattern.

[*Pointing toward a tall martin-house pole.*]

Yonder, you behold

The real palace. Through those portals  
We lure the feathered broods to fold  
Their wings above the world of thievish mor-  
tals.

ALWYN

*We*—say you? Who are *we*?

QUERCUS

Myself and my lord master.

ALWYN

And what's he?

QUERCUS

Nay, if I knew, I should be wiser.  
He is the fellow of all friendless things,

[9]

## SANCTUARY

Wild nature's human sympathizer:  
In form a man, yet footed so with silence  
The deer mistake him for their brother; so  
Swift that, meseems, he borrows the birds'  
wings;  
An eye, that glows and twinkles  
Through noon like twilight's vesper star;  
an ear  
That harks a mile hence  
The purring of a lynx!  
I love him, follow, obey him, yet I know  
Naught of him—but his love.

ALWYN

Not even his name?

QUERCUS

Yea, what men call him by;  
And he is like the same.  
Men call him Master Shy.

ALWYN

Ah, Shy, the naturalist.  
Why, he is my good crony. If he wist

[10]

1910

SANCTUARY

To rhyme he'd be a better bard than I.  
How do you serve him?

QUERCUS

I'm crew to his Jason!  
I multiply myself for rare adventures,  
And serve his Ship of Birds as carpenter,  
Box-joiner, bath-cementer, mason,  
Seed-storer, water-carrier,  
Worm-steward, nest-ward, treehouse thatcher,  
Man-chaser and mouse-catcher.

ALWYN

Nay, do you please in all?

QUERCUS

I carry to his call,  
And never yet have earned his censures  
For botch or shirk.

ALWYN

I prithee show me of your handiwork.  
What's here—this little box  
With paddle wings?

## SANCTUARY

### QUERCUS

One of our weather-cocks.  
Look you, it swings:  
So when, in winter, the white tempest blows,  
Here sit the birds at breakfast 'mid the  
    snows,  
With porch turned ever to the cosy side.  
In that cold time, my master Shy  
Brings more devices to provide  
Bird-comfort: Food-bells full of millet  
We place in covert nooks, and tie  
Our knitted suet bags on many a bough  
Of pine and larch. And I must plough  
Through many a drift, to crack the frozen  
    rillet  
For little beaks to drink.

### ALWYN

By Phœbus, now  
Is this in sooth mine old Sicilian faun,  
That wont of yore to dally  
On violet-scented lawn  
With lily-crownéd nymphs in lovelorn val-  
    ley!  
What modern change is here? What  
    magic—

SANCTUARY

QUERCUS

Hush!

[*With lowered voice, he looks around warily.*]

I am not always quite so modern!  
At times—at times—as when just now  
You heard me pipe below this bough—  
I slip my master's traces,  
And slink by paths untrodden  
To lovelorn, lush  
Arcadian places,  
Where Philomel still lingers,  
Plaining her ancient pity,  
And there I fetch forth this  
With idling fingers,  
And, pouting on its lip my kiss,  
I pipe some dulcet, old, bucolic ditty.

[*Taking out his pipe, he plays again a few languorous strains, but breaks off abruptly.*]

Whist! Here he comes.—It grates upon  
his ear.





**"IS THIS IN SOOTH MINE OLD SICILIAN FAUN?"**

III

SHY. QUERCUS. ALWYN.

---

SHY

[*Enters, carrying a nest-box.*]



HERMIT thrush is pleasanter  
to hear.

[*He greets ALWYN.*]

Good morning, friend! How  
comes it *you* are caught  
Walking so early? Poets, I  
had thought,  
Salute the sunrise only in their

song.

ALWYN

[*Smiling.*]

Fie, then! You do us wrong:  
We rhyming slugabeds  
Walk with Aurora at our pillows' heads,  
For dreamers can see dawn rise in the dark.  
Poets are owls that elegize the lark.

SHY

And now you'll talk to me of nightingales!

[15]

## SANCTUARY

Three birds exhaust your bard's vocabulary:  
Larks, nightingales and owls! High time,  
    you see,  
To wean this fellow from your piper's tales,  
And teach him craftily  
To build our hungry birds a homelike sanc-  
    tuary.

ALWYN

[*Patting QUERCUS' shoulder.*]  
Good Shy, no schooling could so much relieve  
My modern apprehensions: Tutor him,  
Hoof, head and limb,  
And let me humbly hearken. By your  
    leave,  
God shall provide the dawn,  
And you the tutelage, and I—the faun.

QUERCUS

Waiting, my masters!

ALWYN

Give your pipe to me!

QUERCUS

[*Holding it behind him.*]  
Must I give up my pipe? The sound is  
    sweet.

SANCTUARY

ALWYN

Truth is more sweet than melody,  
And wisdom than melodious words.  
When you have learned to greet  
With their own mystic speech all living birds  
And minister to their necessity,  
This pipe shall be restored, and we will  
make  
Together a new song, more sweet for knowl-  
edge' sake.

*[In pantomime, he demands and receives  
the pipe from QUERCUS. SHY then ad-  
dresses QUERCUS.]*

SHY

This nest-box: Nail it on the barest bough  
Of that tall maple. Place it well,  
Like yonder one.

QUERCUS

Right, master. Now!

SHY

Soft, soft! Not so pell-mell!  
You'll scare that nuthatch at her nesting.  
First tell me of your other questing—  
Those errands which I sent you yesterday.

[17]

SANCTUARY

QUERCUS

That cowbird, master,—

SHY

Did she lay

Her egg?

QUERCUS

Indeed she did, the pest!

She laid it in a redstart's nest;

But up I poked my nose in, nabbed it

And cracked it cursory:

Good Mama Redstart now can hatch her  
nursery

Without a big stepchild to smother her  
chicks.

SHY

Old Deacon Rathburne's tom-cat, is he—  
dead?

QUERCUS

What, Tom, that dabbled in gore the wee  
goldfinches?

[*He nods shrewdly.*]

Wild huckleberries are growing at his head!

That almost got *you* in the fix:

Old Deacon saw me do it, blabbed it,

## SANCTUARY

And Missus sicked her dachshund at my  
heels.

[*Grinning.*]

Eh, master, it's *your* shoe that pinches!

### SHY

When cats invade bird-temples, boy, it feels  
Good to be wicked.

But tell me of our forest planting ground:  
What shrubs and creepers have you found  
And marked, to make our shelter thicket?

### QUERCUS

Why, sir, to give it  
Birdblithesomeness, I've chose  
Shad bush, blue cornel, withe rod, privet,  
Red osier, raspberry, wild rose,  
Black haw, and dangleberry.

### SHY

A proper list!  
What trees—deciduous?

### QUERCUS

Box-elder and bird cherry,  
White ash, gray birch and cockspur thorn.

SANCTUARY

ALWYN

What make you thus?  
Some sylvan pound, to stalk an unicorn?

SHY

Good poet, whist!  
No more mythology.  
Your faun is learning better. Truce!

ALWYN

Most humbly, my apology!

SHY

So, Quercus: and what evergreens?

QUERCUS

White spruce,  
Red cedar, balsam fir, and Norway pine.

SHY

Good, fellow! Fine!  
In such a shelter-tangle we can hatch  
Ten thousand nestlings. Run, now! Catch  
That squirrel there, before  
He makes his call at your new nest-box door.

[20]

SANCTUARY

QUERCUS

*[Skipping to the maple tree.]*

Right, master!—Heigh, Sir Alwyn—ho!

Just see now what a jack-o'-trades your  
Quercus is!

When Master Shy discharges me, I'll go  
And rent nine fairy-rings, and start three  
circuses!

*[Climbing among the branches, he disappears, whistling bird-notes.]*





ALWYN

IV

ALWYN. SHY.

---

ALWYN



SHY—honest friend, your hand  
once more!

SHY

Heartily! Welcome to this  
wood.

ALWYN

Do you recall how once we  
stood  
Here, and discoursed of songs I made of  
yore—  
Dryads and poet's dreams?

SHY

Yes, I recall

I wondered at them all.

ALWYN

First—as to-day—you smiled  
Your incredulity of my quaint creed,  
Till soon, in further converse, we agreed

## SANCTUARY

In nature's heart our faiths are reconciled.  
For both of us seek nature's fellowship,  
The common language of all living things:  
I—more in music of the human lip,  
You—in the whirr of beaks and wings.  
So both—craving the beautiful—  
Still worship the same shrine and oracle:  
This temple, and its dryad—Tacita.

### SHY

I will confess  
Of all the nymphs in your Arcadia  
I worship her  
Alone.

### ALWYN

Because her moods are numberless  
I do the same. Between the heart of Man  
And Nature's heart, which I do name God  
Pan,  
She stands and moves—divine interpreter,  
Translating with her shy and pagan dances  
Our world life and its trances.

### SHY

She is, in truth,  
The sylvan priestess of this sanctuary.

SANCTUARY

ALWYN

[*Eagerly.*]

What if, through her as intermediary,  
And after thousand ages of uncouth  
Estrangement,—what, I say, if we  
Might find through her the key  
To comprehend the native speech of birds,  
And hold communion with them in our hu-  
man words!  
Would not that be a modern consummation  
Nobler than fable?

SHY

Almost, I would have said, we might be able,  
If it were not for one who scorns this shrine  
And violates the beauty of creation,  
Marring all contemplative quietude.

ALWYN

Whom do you speak of?

SHY

One whom the red wine  
Of slaughter has made drunk, and the false  
glisters  
Of dollars dazzled with blind arrogance.

[25]

## SANCTUARY

Close by this wood  
He plies a bold, sinister  
Traffic in wings and plumage. Not by  
chance  
But calculated orgies, he commits  
His venal murders, slits  
The bridal plumes from backs of mating  
birds,  
And leaves the nested broods  
Unhatched or starveling. So he girds  
His loins, and like the Patagonian  
Displays his feathered trophies: not a man  
Swayed by ecstatic moods,  
Nor even to equip  
A hardy sportsmanship;  
Not so: he slaughters birds for stocks and  
bonds,  
And when we challenge, smiling he responds:  
"Mine is a lawful market, where fine ladies  
pay  
For plumes, to wear on Sabbaths and  
Christ's Easter day."

ALWYN

What is this desecrator's name?

[26]

SANCTUARY

SHY

Stark, the plume-hunter.

ALWYN

Surely he dares not  
Track his defenseless game  
Here to this hallowed spot!

SHY

No place is holy to unhallowed minds:  
He covets gain, and grasps it where he finds.

ALWYN

Still I have faith  
That Tacita, in her serenity,  
Is mightier than he.

SHY

Ah, nature's quiet mood is delicate  
And crushes like a flower.

ALWYN

Faith without works is vain, the Prophet  
saith.  
So now, while nature muses in the thrush,  
Here let us sit this hour,

[27]

SANCTUARY

And meditate  
On Tacita, till meditation shall create  
Its own shy image.—Hush!  
*[They sit upon a log and listen.]*

V

TACITA. ALWYN. SHY.

---

[*Dreamily, the fluting of birds sounds in the forest. Dimly from the background TACITA appears. With steps of reverie, she approaches, and pauses before them. ALWYN looks up and, touching SHY's arm, speaks low.*]



TACITA! It is she!

SHY

Speak to her—you.

ALWYN

Dryad, and spirit of serenity,  
Whose steps have fallen timeful  
as the dew  
Upon our pathway, intervene  
For us with that still-undiscovered queen—  
Ornis, who reigns among your ancient  
boughs



## SANCTUARY

Spirit of birds and sister of our race,  
Man. Stir your spell-encharmed feet,  
And by their moods arouse  
Her hidden grace  
To heed us, and hold speech from realms un-  
seen.

*[To mysterious music, TACITA treads a dance of invocation, appealing in pantomime to the unseen spirit of wings, which flits and sings and broods in the boughs above her. ALWYN and SHY watch her, rapt and expectant.*

*Suddenly a sharp gun-shot sounds, shivering the music, which ceases. Through the boughs, a bird falls fluttering to the earth.]*

VI

ORNIS. ALWYN. SHY.

---

[*With a gesture of startled wildness, TACITA breaks abruptly from her rhythmic motions, and flees into the wood, while simultaneously from the other side there enters, swift but staggering, ORNIS—a maiden, garbed symbolically as a bird. On one of her wing-like sleeves blood shows. With shrill, melodious cry, she flutters forward.*

ORNIS



E-Ó-LEE! O-rée-o! Sanctuary!

[*Swaying, she falls to the ground. ALWYN and SHY spring toward her.*]

ALWYN

Help, Shy! She falls!

SHY

[*At ORNIS' side.*]

Wing-struck! Here's blood.

[31]

SANCTUARY

ALWYN

That shot?

SHY

The gun of Stark.

[*Seeking to lift her.*]

Up, birdling! Here is Shy.

ORNIS

[*Droops, moaning.*]

O-rée-o!

SHY

Quick! Bring Quercus.

ALWYN

[*Hastening off.*]

In a jot.

SHY

[*Soothingly strokes ORNIS' arm and shoulder.*]

So—so! Dew water soon makes well. So  
—so!

ORNIS

[*Moans dazedly.*]

Ir-re-o! P'tee!

SANCTUARY

QUERCUS

[*Reëntering with ALWYN.*]

Here, master!

SHY

[*Pointing.*]

Water!—There!

ALWYN

The bird bath!

QUERCUS

[*Dipping his plant pitcher, hastens with it  
to SHY.*]

Coming!

SHY

Sprinkle.

QUERCUS

[*Sprinkling water upon ORNIS, sings gaily.*  
O-ree-o!

When shawes ben sheen and shraddes full  
fair,

And leaves both large and long,  
'Tis merry walking in the fair forést  
To hear the small birds' song!

[*ORNIS revives.*]

[33]

SANCTUARY

SHY

[*Assisting her.*]

Now, gently!

ALWYN

[*Bending over her, calls low.*]

Ornis!—Sister!

ORNIS

*Who calls? Where*

Am I?

ALWYN

In sanctuary. Have no fear.

ORNIS

[*Looking from one to the other.*]

Ah, me! But what are these?

SHY

Your brothers, dear.

ORNIS

My brothers—they are birds. But you are  
Man.

ALWYN

Through Tacita you know us now; we can  
Speak to each other. Ornis!—Hark.

[34]

SANCTUARY

ORNIS

[*Rising in glad wonder.*]

At last!—

At last!

ALWYN

A thousand ages—they are past,  
And dumbness, like a dream,  
Sinks with them into sleep. We are awake,  
And each to each  
Can bid good-morning in our common speech.

ORNIS

How sweet and strange! Are we indeed  
awaking  
From callous slumber and old wrong?  
So sorrowfully long  
The hand of Man has wrought my birds'  
heartbreaking!—  
Was it a savage dream?  
Methought I sat on Morning's golden beam  
And sang of God's wild gladness: High  
and higher  
I showered His temple woods with ecstasy;  
When suddenly

## SANCTUARY

The earth screamed thunder, and a singeing  
fire

Shattered my wing. I fell.—  
Groping in flight, my feet stuck fast  
In smear of lime; swift from below  
A tangling net was cast  
Where, panting upward, a black hell  
Of bloody mouths barked under me;  
And there beside them—oh,  
There watched, with eyes of wanton cruelty,  
A man—bright clothed in many-colored  
plumes  
Of my dead sisters. “Save me from their  
dooms,”  
I cried, “O Sanctuary!”

ALWYN

And you woke  
With us, your brothers—healed.

ORNIS

[*With wonder.*]

Oh, have you heard  
What now I spoke?  
And can we answer truly, word for word?  
[*Curiously.*]

Alwyn!

SANCTUARY

ALWYN

You know my name?

ORNIS

*[Turning eagerly from one to the other.]*  
Shy!

SHY

*[Smiling.]*

No mistake!

ORNIS

Quercus!

QUERCUS

*[Skipping with a bow.]*  
Your birdship's faun!

ORNIS

*[Laughing joyously.]*  
Good-morning, brothers!

ALWYN

When have you known us?

ORNIS

Many an age and long!  
No syllable has bubbled in your song  
But I have blown it first from yonder trees:



SANCTUARY

[*To SHY.*]

No brooding-place of yours—but *I* was in  
the breeze;

[*To QUERCUS.*]

And ever to your whistle  
I pipe the last note from the nearest thistle.

[*TACITA appears remotely.*]

O beautiful my brothers!  
O dryad dear, I thank you! In your dawn,  
How brave it is to speak with Man and Faun  
As mates and fellows. Quick! Fetch me  
still others.

[*A crashing resounds in the thicket. TAC-  
ITA disappears.*]

Who's coming now?

SHY

Still others—our fellow man.

ORNIS

I hear a breaking bough.

ALWYN

Kind hearts and cruel are one clan.

SANCTUARY

ORNIS

Hark! Surely 'tis some strange distress.  
Come, brothers, let us look:  
It may be one who needs our friendliness.  
Come with me!

ALWYN

*[Calling off scene.]*  
Stand there! Stay beyond the brook.

QUERCUS

*[With excited gestures.]*  
Back, ho!

ORNIS

*[Suddenly recoiling with a cry.]*  
Ah, save me!  
*[She flies to their protection. QUERCUS  
also scampers back fearfully, and  
hides.]*

## VII

STARK. ORNIS. ALWYN. SHY.

---

[*Enter STARK, in garb of a hunter. He wears a tawny leopard's skin, and his head is gorgeously plumed. Behind him, two panting dogs are held in leash by attendants. STARK rushes toward ORNIS, passes her oblivious, and seizes up the fallen bird.*]

STARK



**B**AGGED!—Hold off the dogs!  
[*The ATTENDANTS withdraw with the hounds.*]

ORNIS

[*As STARK grasps the bird, clutches her own side in pain.*]  
Ee-ó-lo!

STARK

A rare beauty!—Bah, one wing  
Shot-torn! Well, well, we'll patch the thing.

[40]

---



“Sir — Here is *No Hunting*”



SANCTUARY

Madame La Mode's a tricky milliner.

*[He thrusts the bird into his game pouch.*

*Turning to leave, he sees ALWYN and*

*SHY, and greets them gaily.]*

Halloa! Fine hunting weather!

SHY

*[Quietly.]*

Sir,

Here is *No Hunting*.

STARK

*[With a laugh.]*

Pipe that to the frogs!

SHY

This ground is sanctuary.

STARK

And what's that?

SHY

A place held sacred from the hunter's trail.

SANCTUARY

STARK

Why, man, I am no hunter, and that's flat.  
I only plume myself—to trim a hat.  
Besides, I shot outside your pale;  
And now  
    [*Touching his pouch, he winks.*]  
    the game is bagged.

SHY

    You bag the spangle  
And lose the spirit.—Sir, here is no place  
To preach or wrangle  
Our creeds. I am a student, not a teacher.  
So I would only learn of you: what joy  
Urges you to destroy  
So gracious, fair  
And innocent a fellow-creature  
As yonder?  
    [*He points at ORNIS.*]

STARK

    [*Looking.*]  
Where?

## SANCTUARY

ALWYN

Our sister, who stands there  
And dumbly pleads for all her race—  
And ours.

STARK

By Christ in Hades,  
My eyes see nothing but a brace  
Of popinjays, who pipe to me of ladies  
And show me—no one.

ALWYN

Look more near.  
Speak to him, Ornis!—Listen, now!

ORNIS

*[Drawing back in dread.]*  
O-rée-o!

STARK

I am listening.



SANCTUARY

ALWYN

Did you hear  
No voice?

STARK

I heard a bird call from that bough.

QUERCUS

*[Peeping toward SHY from the bushes.]*  
Have at him, master!

SHY

*[To STARK.]*  
Did you spy  
That fellow's horns there, when he drew back  
Into the bush?

STARK

I saw  
A stirring in that staghorn sumach,  
And caught a rabbit's eye.—  
What are these crazy quizzings? Pshaw!  
Good day to you!

## SANCTUARY

ALWYN

Stay yet!

Once more look yonder, where my comrade  
stands,  
Turning to take the gentle, outreached  
hands  
Of our shy sister: Can you see  
No timid form beside him?

STARK

Perfectly

My eyes discern  
A man, who peers within the morning mist,  
And murmurs to the air,  
And smiles, as if he held sweet converse  
there.  
In short, I see a sentimentalist.  
I am not of that ilk.  
[*Calling*—Ho, there!—Holá!  
Wait with my dogs: I'm coming.

ALWYN

Stay, and learn  
What we ourselves have only learned  
through quiet

## SANCTUARY

Listening. So long, in rampant haste,  
Your dizzy soul has chased  
The spinning dollar sign which stars your  
zodiac,  
That you have lost the track  
Of paths serene, and pace God's world in  
riot  
Of blinding gold. Pause, for this little  
space!  
Put off that blood-emblazed regalia  
Gorgeous with death,  
And draw with me one meditative breath  
Here in the temple of cool Tacita.

### STARK

[*Who has listened with half-amused curiosity.*]

Ah—Tacita? And who may that be,  
friend?

### ALWYN

One lovelier than you have yet set eyes on.

### SHY

Go, Quercus: Pray our mistress to attend.

[*QUERCUS goes out.*]

SANCTUARY

STARK

Mistress! Is she a maid?—and lovely, too?  
And may this wonder dawn on my horizon  
If I remain?

ALWYN

Remain—to meditate!

STARK

Why, now, you stir my fancies.  
In truth, 'tis early still, and little to do  
This hour. Come, I will wait  
And watch with you. But mind! The  
nymph must be  
More lovely than my eyes did ever see!

ALWYN

With loveliness more deep than eyes dis-  
cover.

STARK

So, 'tis a bargain, then?

ALWYN

Sit by me here;  
And if your musings cause no fear,  
You shall behold her in her secret dances.

SANCTUARY

STARK

By Hercules! I'm half prepared to love  
her!

[*He sits on the log beside ALWYN. OR-  
NIS still stands apart, under SHY's pro-  
tection. QUERCUS enters, beckoning  
backward into the wood.*]



## VIII

TACITA. ALWYN. ORNIS. STARK.  
(SHY. QUERCUS.)

---

ALWYN

Now, Tacita, shy pagan nymph, appear!

[TACITA enters from her shrine of greenery, and pauses before them.]

Spirit, unblind this man! Delusions blur  
Inward his sight. He is a murderer,  
Yet knows not he is such. Unseal  
The fountains of his vision, and reveal  
Yonder the sister spirit, whom so long  
His blind heart strove to wrong—

Ornis: Reveal, and let him speak with her!

[Soft music sounds, various and elusive

[49]

## SANCTUARY

*in its rhythmic themes. TACITA approaches STARK, and weaves about him a dance of revelation, lulling, charming, luring him by the appeal of numberless wing-swayings and bird-dartings, for which the music suggests the song-notes. During her dance, STARK rises, bewildered, and is gradually lured and led by her toward ORNIS, before whom—at the consummation of the dance—he stands, staring.]*

STARK

*[Rising, speaks to the music.]*

O twilight—holy dusk—dawn twitterings!  
How far, how dim and hollow  
You darkle over me:  
Wings, wings! swift wings, shy wings, eternal wings!  
Where shall I follow?  
Ah, joy—jubilant melody—  
And morning! Joy—I follow!  
I dream, and drink from your immortal springs!

*[TACITA disappears. STARK beholds*

*ORNIS.]*

IX

STARK. ORNIS. (ALWYN. QUERCUS.

SHY.)

STARK



WHAT are you?

ORNIS

[*Appealing with half-fearful affection.*]

Brother!—brother!

STARK

[*With sudden cry and gesture.*]

Ha, my net!

The shy bird shall be captured 'live!

[*From his shoulder he looses the net, and flings it over ORNIS, seizing the meshes.*]

Now, Joy,

I hold you fast!

ORNIS

[*Struggling.*]

Ee-ó-lee-o!

[51]



SANCTUARY

SHY

[*Extricating her.*]

Not yet!

ALWYN

[*Seizing STARK.*]

Untamed, and still unshamed! Will you  
destroy  
The wings that raise you? Sister, speak to  
him!

ORNIS

My brothers—all of you! Oh, wage not war  
Because of me. I fear not. Stark, you dim  
The brightness of our union, greeting so  
Your sister.

STARK

[*Dropping his net.*]

Sister?

ORNIS

Hunt no more  
With lime and net: Your love shall hold  
me faster;  
For I am Ornis.

SANCTUARY

STARK

[*Fascinated.*]

Ornis!

ORNIS

Dear my master!

Do you not know me? I am she  
Whom first, beneath the dark, ancestral tree,  
You rose upon your feet to hearken to.  
By me you grew  
To song and freedom. Round your olden  
feasts  
You watched my circling flights, whereby  
your priests  
Proclaimed their omens and their oracles;  
My cranes announced your victories, my  
storks  
Fed your hearth-fires, my silver-throated  
gulls  
And golden hawks  
Saved many your sea-towns from sore pesti-  
lence;  
And my sweet night bird tuned your poets'  
shells  
To lull sad lovers in languorous asphodels;

[53]

SANCTUARY

Yet all my influence  
Shone dimmer than my beauty: my bright  
plumes  
Lured you to squander them, till, in the  
fumes  
Of greed, your heart forgot to cherish me,  
And sold me unto death and slavery.—  
Yet, master, as you will:  
Lo, I am Ornis, and I love you still!

STARK

*[With altered tone of yearning.]*

Yet—yet it seems I never heard your voice  
Till now; nor ever understood  
Till now; nor paused, as now in this still  
wood,  
To tremble and rejoice  
At greeting you, my sister. I am stunned,  
And wait to comprehend this wonder.

ORNIS

Ah,

You never prayed before to Tacita!  
Your feet have shunned  
Her gracious paths, yet only she  
Can lead and show my brother Man to me.



**“Lo, I am Ornis, and I love you still!”**



SANCTUARY

STARK

*[Glancing at his gun.]*

Why, then,—why have I brought this instrument

Of murder here? What black intent  
Clouded my mind with blood?

*[Flinging it from him.]*

Out of my hands!—My sister, can it be  
That still you soar above my sanguine flood  
Of passion, and forgive? Though yet I  
kill,

Oh, is it true indeed—you love me still?

ORNIS

Ha, put me to the test!  
Show me the field that breeds your harvest  
pest

Of chinch or weevil,  
Where all the blossoms wither with strange  
evil,

Or where, in filmy tents,  
The hairy creepers gorge in regiments  
Your budding apple boughs;  
Show your ancestral elms

SANCTUARY

Gaunt limbed with leprosy, which over-  
whelms  
Their green old age in death;  
Or those swift locust clouds, whose breath  
Blasts the ripe loveliness of Spring;  
Show these, and more  
Than these, and cry on *Ornis!* She shall  
bring—  
From hill and shore  
And plain—her wingèd flocks and warbling  
broods,  
And swing away their deadly multitudes.—  
If *service* be true love, I love you, brother.

ALWYN

[*Drawing near.*]

And for her sake, so *we* will love each other.  
[*He takes STARK's right hand.*]

SHY

[*Taking his left.*]

A greenwood partnership!

STARK

[*Pressing their hands.*]

Thanks!

SANCTUARY

SHY

[*Whispering to the faun.*]

Quercus, run!

QUERCUS

I skip,

I gambol, master. Ha!

I have a tale to tell to Tacita!

[*He leaps away.*]

ORNIS

[*As STARK tears off his headdress of  
plumes.*]

And those—?

STARK

For these my heart shall build a fire  
Here at this shrine:

[*He hangs the headdress on a tree.*]

And here, as on a pyre,  
I place them, with this pouch, which hides  
The victims of my blind desire.  
There, at sad cost,  
I let them tell my pain—the votive part  
Of one long lost,

[57]



SANCTUARY

Who now has found himself in nature's  
heart.—

Ornis, my trail divides:

There lie the ashes of the thing I was.

Henceforth, I walk with you—

[*Turning to ALWYN and SHY.*]

and these.

ALWYN

A compact, then, we three: that when we go

Forth from these gracious trees

Into the world, we go as witnesses

Before the men who make our country's

laws,

And by our witness show

In burning words

The meaning of these sylvan mysteries:

*Freedom and sanctuary for the birds!*

Say, is our compact sworn?

STARK

I swear.

SHY

And I.

[*Enter QUERCUS and TACITA.*]

[58]

X

TACITA. QUERCUS. STARK. ORNIS.  
SHY. ALWYN.

---

STARK

[*To ORNIS.*]



LOOK, sister: friends are coming.

Now lead us to their shrine close by.

ORNIS

Oh, first let all make joy of this our union!

For now my glad heart, like a partridge drumming,

Calls for my mates to join us, all together,  
In frolicsome communion.

Ho, Quercus, Quercus, call them!—Tacita,  
Summon them with your fairy feet!

QUERCUS

[*Bounding forward.*]

Holá!

## SANCTUARY

ALWYN

[*Taking from his pouch QUERCUS' pipe.*]

Call loud and long!

Here's our old pipe, to carry a new song.

[*ALWYN puts the pipe to his lips, while*

*QUERCUS sings to it, calling to the birds.*

*At the end, QUERCUS begs in pantomime for the pipe which ALWYN, smiling, restores to him.*]

QUERCUS

Come here, come here, you little comrades  
coy,

From hill and swamp and heather:

Make joy, make joy

Together!—

Tawny beak and scarlet vest,

Slant wing and sleek feather,

Bulging bill and cocking crest,

Hither!

Tumble out of nest,

Topple out of windy weather

Here, *holá!*

With preenings quaint,

Purple dyes and crimson paint,

Here, *holá*, in merry state!

## SANCTUARY

Up from dew-grass, down from aerie,  
Tacita—Tacita  
Summons you to dedicate  
Here her sanctuary!

[*While QUERCUS calls, from all sides  
Birds of many species and colors—like  
ORNIS human in form—gather, and peer  
from the edges of the scene. To these  
TACITA now beckons, and by her gesture  
summons to her dance, while QUERCUS  
plays joyously on his pipe.*]

### ORNIS

Bird and faun and man and fairy,  
Gather now to sanctuary!

[*TACITA first dances alone, then with  
QUERCUS; then, inviting and leading  
them all in pied procession, she mar-  
shals all away into her woodland  
shrine.*]

### FINIS



## **AFTERWORD**



## AFTERWORD

In the original production of this masque, referred to in the *Foreword*, the sanctuary stage was devised by MR. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH in two planes—the natural and the supernatural, harmoniously blended.

The natural plane, in the foreground, was a leaf-strewn plot of earth; the supernatural, in the background, was a constructed stage some eighteen inches higher, sloping slightly upward toward the back, covered with smooth canvas, practical for dancing, so painted as to suggest a weathered outcropping of rock, overgrown in places by moss and greensward.

This constructed stage was divided from the foreground earth by the trunk of a felled maple tree, straight in line and inconspicuous in color.

In front of this dividing line, SHY and ALWYN remained always in the natural plane; behind it, ORNIS and TACITA remained always in the supernatural. Their scenes



## SANCTUARY

together were enacted near or beside the fallen tree trunk.

In the scene of his conversion, STARK was lured into the higher plane by TACITA; while QUERCUS alone among the characters skipped back and forth from one plane to the other.

As audience, the non-participating spectators sat in dominoes of brown, flanked on either side by the bird-participants in their pied bird costumes. These latter watched the performance until, at the *finale*, they were summoned by QUERCUS upon the constructed stage.

There, when all had been marshalled, entered the CARDINAL BIRD [enacted by MR. HERBERT ADAMS, the sculptor], accompanied by two small scarlet-tanager acolytes [boys], bearing great candles, to light a crimson cushion held by the Cardinal. On the cushion lay an open scroll.

This scroll, itself a sheet of parchment-like paper from the original press of Benjamin Franklin, had been inscribed by MR. STEPHEN PARRISH with a *Sonnet-Epilogue*,



**Cardinal Bird and Hummingbird**



## SANCTUARY

composed by the author of the masque and signed by all of its participants, with their real names opposite the species of birds they severally impersonated.

Moving slowly forward to music till he stood before PRESIDENT and MRS. WILSON, where they sat near the centre of the first row of the audience, the CARDINAL BIRD, with simple dignity, read from the scroll this

### EPILOGUE

Addressed to MRS. WOODROW WILSON:

Lady, WHEREAS your gentle patronage  
And presence have to-night so favored us  
In this our ritual, that you have thus  
Lent to our earnest cause a double gage:  
One gracious daughter to make glad our  
stage  
And one to make its theme harmonious  
With song—whose sire now makes illustrious  
The larger theatre of our living age:

THEREFORE, ere yet the privilege be spent  
Which grants our thoughts the spell of hu-  
man words,

## SANCTUARY

We vow by you, here in this tranquil wood,  
Our loyal love to him—the President,  
Whose heart has heard the call of the wild  
birds,  
And sign ourselves  
Your Servants, with gratitude.

Having thus presented the scroll, the  
CARDINAL BIRD with his ACOLYTES retired to  
the stage, where the final dance and proces-  
sion of the bird-participants then took place.

The Programme of the performance  
[omitting that part of the *Prelude* already  
printed on pages xix and xx] was as follows:

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

MRS. WOODROW WILSON

AND THE FOLLOWING COMMITTEE

MRS. HERBERT ADAMS	MAXFIELD PARRISH
MRS. C. C. BEAMAN	CHARLES A. PLATT
ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES	MRS. GEORGE RUBLEE
KENYON COX	LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN
PERCY MACKAYE	JOSEPH LINDON SMITH
MRS. AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS	

MEMBERS OF THE MERIDEN BIRD CLUB JOIN WITH RESI-  
DENTS OF CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND THEIR  
FRIENDS, TO PRESENT A MASQUE IN THE INTEREST OF  
AMERICAN WILD BIRD PROTECTION

